CLXVIII

JACK CATCH

HIS

BRIDEWEL

ORATION,

OR A WORD OR TWO OF

ADVICE

TO HIS

FRIENDS.

GOod People all, obleege what I shall tell;
My Name 'tis known, some know my name too well,
For many I have fagged in my time,
And made some leave their Wills to Rogues like mine.
Strong Hemp the mighty Engine of my Trade
Has got me Coyn, of which I had no need;
Yet money more than many still I had,
More luckless is my Fate, and sad.
Little I thought thus to be gaz'd upon,
What mean you Friends, have you no Grounding?
What though I'm caught, who many caught before,
It does not hinder but I may catch more;
What though more Sauce than Pigg brought me to this?
Come tell me which of You han't done amiss?
You Leer and Gape as if ye came to mourn,
Poor Jack i'th Pens, who wou'd, but can't get out.
Well, well my Neighbors, 'tis not kindly done,
The cafe in time may be your own.
Or worse perhaps, the need that here I thump,
May be a means to make some of ye jump:
A dose of This, Friends, manag'd well by me,
Will make you know the *Squire* o'th *Triple-Tree*

O! *Miſs*, my Daughter, vvhat are you come too?
Fie naughty Girl, has't nothing elſe to do;
Go, get thee home, thou little ſtaring fool,
When I come out thou ſhalt to th' Boarding-School;
I have no time to hear you vvhimper novv;
Go, get ye home, and ſee vvhat's there to do,
Go, let my Journymen have Tripes enovv:
And novv good People I muſt tell you plain,
Was I once out, I'd ne'r come here again,
Though 'tis a Manſion I have had before,
A Place vvhere I have been in days of Yore,
And you vvill ſay I might have vvarning ta'n,
And not have tempted Fate to come again,
But novv I'm in, your admonitions vain.
Alack and Welladay, vvhat muſt *I* do?
Speak Friends, a vvord of Comfort, one or tvvo,
As *I* in ſuch a caſe might do to you:
No vvay but to ſubmit? No there is none;
Well, vvell my Friends, no more it ſhall be done,
And Reaſon too, ſince there is no other vvay,
I vvas a Coxcomb e'r to diſobey.
Thus haughty *Jack* you ſee vvill hate his Pride
Rather than be a Tennant to St. *Bride*:
Then learn by me all you that ſtomach it,
All you that grumble as you thought not fit,
To your Superiors freely to ſubmit,
Leaſt *I* put in and nimbly tye the String,
Which may perhaps too late Repentance bring,
And youa Tune that does not pleaſe you Sing;
But *I* have ſaid enough to you, and novv
I vvill go think vvhat elſe *I* have to do;
But ſtay, *I* had forgot, *I've* more to ſay;
You that are Servants haſten home *I* pray,
And ſtand not loitering here, leſt in the end,
It be your lot in this place to be pen'd;
And you that are not, mind your buſineſs too,
For here *I'm* ſure you little have to do,
Say *Jack Catch* told you that, and ſo Adeu.

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